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Sarah J. Whiting

Sarah F. Whiting

In Memoriam.



I am faithfully—

E. M. Hartford

IN MEMORIAM.

EBEN NORTON HORSFORD.

JULY TWENTY-SEVENTH, 1818.

JANUARY FIRST, 1893.

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THE story of Mr. HORSFORD's distinguished liberality toward WELLESLEY COLLEGE has been widely told. The essential character and full import of his relations to the college are known only to those whose official burdens and personal aspirations have been tenderly brought within the compass of his assiduous care. As representatives of various centres of the college life, to-day pervaded by the sense of painful change and loss in all familiar things, we bring together these brief memorials of a fruitful career, whose crowning acts of service have cherished and fortified the interests which unite us in loyalty and love.

Memorial Service.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE CHAPEL, THURSDAY EVENING,

JANUARY 26, 1893.

*"And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved us here in Time."*

ORGAN PRELUDE, Andante from Sonata in E flat *Dudley Buck.*

MRS. STOVALL.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD" *Smart.*

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.

Reading of Scriptures.

QUARTETTE, "Their Sun shall no more go down" *Tuckerman.*

Prayer.

"SOFTLY FLOW, RIVER OF DEATH AND SLEEP" *Professor Hill.*

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.

Address.

REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D.

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS" *Bennett.*

BEETHOVEN SOCIETY.

Hymn.

Benediction.

ORGAN POSTLUDE, Marche Funèbre et Chant Séraphique . . *Guilmant.*

MRS. STOVALL.

A D D R E S S

By REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D.D.

IT is fitting that this service of commemoration should be held here. For this place he loved, and here he was greatly esteemed. His manifold service to Wellesley College and his tender regard for all its interests, with the charm of his presence and his spirit, secured for him a large place in the hearts of those whose home has been here. This service is our free and natural offering to the memory of one whose character we honored,—for whose life we shall continue to give thanks.

I have seldom witnessed anything more impressive than the tribute of the Northmen to this man who had given honor to their name and had brought the deeds of their heroes into recognition. They came to the church where he had worshipped, bringing the banners of Norway and Sweden and Denmark and Iceland, draped in black in token of their sorrow; and with the songs of the North countries uttered their praises and laments. The king of Denmark gave to him the high honor of Danebrog for that which he had done; but more expressive and more precious was the offering of the men of Denmark and their neighbors, most of whom knew only his name and his work. The insignia

of royalty must return to the hand which bestowed them; but the songs of the people will linger with those who heard them, — the rare recollection of a rare event.

But how did it come to pass that the friend who is in our minds to-night was so closely connected with the college? It is well to answer the inquiry; and happily, we have in his own words an account of his first coming to the places which were to be so familiar to him. It was more than thirty years afterward that, standing here, he recalled the summer holiday which he passed by Waban Water. He was a chemist; and the friend whose guest he was, a lawyer rising to pre-eminence in his profession. It was business first which brought them together. Science lent its aid to Law, as Law became the ally of Science. The men were soon drawn each to the other. Confidence and friendship and a good understanding came to them. Unlike in the customary direction of their work, they were alike in a certain community of taste and desire and opinion. It was more than a chance meeting, and there was more in it than either could foresee. They walked by the lake shore, and then came up to the height where the college now adds itself to the beauty of the scene, and they “looked out on the exquisite expanse of water and woodland beyond.” Here was to be a home, with books and friends, and all the delights and refinements of life. It was entrancing to the visitor. “I recall the thought of the sweet companionship of books in the depth of the quiet that then prevailed here, and the charm of a library com-

manding such an outlook. I was enchanted with the beauty, the dignity, the repose of the landscapes that opened up at every turn." They strolled on through the valley and over the hill, and stopped at last where Stone Hall now rises. "There, in the shadow of the evergreens, we lay down on the carpet of pine foliage and talked." He was in deep communion with Nature in all his life. He saw the thought which moves in all that grows, and he made it a part of the form it ruled. He liked to point out the ingenuity of the vine seeking and accepting support; the skill and strategy of the tree throwing out its buttresses against the storm. Yet it was not of trees or vines or the forces of the earth and air that they thought and talked,—this lawyer and chemist reclining yonder. "We talked long of the problems of life; of the things worth living for; of the hidden ways of Providence, as well as the subtle ways of men; of the few who rule, and are not always recognized; of the many who are led, and are not always conscious of it; of the survival of the fittest in the battles of life, and of the constant presence of the Infinite Pity; of the difficulties, the resolution, the struggle, the conquest that make up the history of every worthy achievement." This was the witness of the chemist to his companion. "I arose with the feeling that I had been taken into the confidence of one of the most gifted of all the men it had been my privilege to know. We had not talked of friendship,—we had been unconsciously planting deep its seed."

Years passed on, bringing many changes. At length what was

to have been the home became the college. The purpose had become broad, and the liberal intention was hallowed in its course. The two men were together still, and more closely than on the summer day when they talked of the problems of life. It was to be an intimate fellowship in counsel and endeavor, till the one rested from his labors, leaving to his friend the sacred inheritance of opportunity to which he has been loyal until now, when he has rejoined him who first was called to his reward.

But you will wish to know something more of the man in whose memory we have assembled and of the method of his life before we knew him here. He was born in the town of Moscow, in Western New York, in the year 1818. His father was from Vermont, and his mother from Connecticut. The father served as a missionary and friend to the Indians in that part of New York, and the boy gained a knowledge of the red-men and of their ways which was afterward of interest to him. To his early familiarity with their methods of speech, and the training of his ear in the sound of their voices, he attributed, in some degree, the facility which he displayed in his later studies of the Indian dialects. The father was a man of influence in the community, and rose to high civil station. The home was one of refinement, where books were common, and the whole atmosphere was favorable to the full development of his mind and heart. In those days, in that remote district, books were rare; and his home, under the direction of his

mother, furnished what was almost a circulating library for all who wished to read. This is worth noting in view of his connection with the library of this college. The boy attended the best schools, and very soon became a student of Nature, which was to be his calling. He was a surveyor in his boyhood, acting as "rodman" till he was "promoted to the level." He collected fossils on his father's farm and studied them with such aid as he could obtain. He made wider excursions, and enlarged his treasures and his knowledge. Let me give you his own account of the years which followed: "I passed a year at the Rensselaer School, studying especially chemistry and physics, made a collection of about a hundred stuffed birds, and graduated as a civil engineer. I went immediately to the Adirondacks to survey some iron mines and water power. . . . At the close of about three months I joined Professor Hall in the geological survey of the district west of Cayuga Lake. In this service I remained two years, giving my winters to attendance on lectures at the Medical College in Albany. In 1840 I entered the Female Academy at Albany as teacher of mathematics and the natural sciences, and remained there four years. At the close of this period I went to Germany to study chemistry. . . . There I remained two years at the University of Giessen under Baron Liebig, and came home to accept the Rumford Professorship in Harvard University." This fragment of autobiography marks his industry, the eagerness of his mind, the breadth of his studies. For sixteen years he held the Harvard

chair of Applied Sciences, from which he retired to pursue his investigations with more freedom, and to engage in manufactures based upon his own inventions. He received some thirty patents, the most of which are connected with his special work in chemistry. He worked for others. The City of Boston presented him with a service of plate in recognition of his aid to the system of water-works. He was one of the commissioners for the defence of Boston Harbor in the Civil War. He devised a marching ration for the army, compacting the necessary materials and thus favoring transportation. Half a million packages of this ration were prepared under General Grant's orders. He was commissioner of the United States to the World's Fair at Vienna in 1873, and presented an elaborate report. He was commissioner at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia. These are some of his labors for the public advantage.

The time came when he needed rest. I well remember when he told me one day at Shelter Island that his work was done. The toiling brain called for relief. It had served him long and well. It had achieved success for him. Reward had attended his endeavor, and would attend it even when he had lessened the intensity of his application. Let it be marked that his gains had come in the line of his profession. It was the chemist who wrought, and the chemist who gathered the returns of his labor. Not to fortune, but to intelligent, studious industry in his chosen work, he was indebted for his fame and its recompense. Seldom has profit come to one more deserving of it,

better fitted to enjoy it, more willing to employ it; of this we are witnesses who speak of him here. Turning aside so far as he could from professional cares, he let his mind have free course. Around his summer home he became the antiquary, the linguist, the geographer. He sought to know the island which he loved,—its names, its history, and its people. He learned its legends and traditions; he kept the memory of those who had been generous and hospitable in the olden days. There the Quakers have a monument where once they found protection. It is his monument also. His thoughts went abroad and into the past. He was drawn to Norway at first, perhaps, by his personal friendship for the man who learned from the mountains of Norway to play the melodies of his native land. He visited the north countries, and came under the spell of their strong life. He studied the sagas, knew vikings and voyagers, sailed in their ships, “steering by the stars,” came with them to Greenland and Vinland, shared their perils, and gathered wild grapes with them. It was fascinating to this man of leisure, and he was able to indulge his fondness for adventure and his passion for discovery. He wandered along the coast, explored every inlet, measured the headlands, followed up the rivers and the brooks, laid sagas and charts down upon the land and the sea, and marked the places where the Northmen came and uncovered the buried memorials of their presence. Long, patient, thorough was his toil; and great was his delight in it and his confidence in its results. We have the memorial

of these studies in one of our cottages, bearing a long-forgotten name which he has made again familiar.

We are brought back to the college. We have seen in what way he was taken into the plans of the founders. The wish had been expressed that he might feel interested in the work of his friend. His heart was in accord with this desire, and his "sympathies grew with indulgence," as the institution rose in its place and entered on its career. He little knew how much would come from the indulgence which he gave to his judgment and affection. He had been trained for the mission to which he was called. His early studies, his four years at Albany as the teacher of girls, his sixteen years at Cambridge, had given him a rare equipment for the service which he was to render here,—which was so largely to engage his time and thought. It was his own place which he was to fill. It bore no name but his own; it had no rules but the promptings of his mind and heart. He refused to be enrolled as a Trustee of the college; but he consented to be the President of the Board of Visitors, whose duties were what he chose to make them. It was not as an official, but as a friend, that he entered into the purposes so well established here. It were vain to attempt a description of his manifold efforts for the extension and prosperity of the college. First in importance among his works was the endowment of the library. This was more than the giving of money. It was the judicious bestowal of his gifts, with advice and assistance which had regard to definite ends, to be secured in ways for which he provided. He meant that the

library should meet the needs of the students from day to day, and that it should open to the teachers "the daily widening field of literature." He said that "the progressive culture of an established college demands a share in whatever adorns and ennobles scholarly life, and principally the opportunity to know something of the best of all the past,—the writers of choice and rare books." He would have the library so well furnished that other scholars would resort to it and avail themselves of its resources, collected from all lands and all times. He thought that students might remain at the college, or return to it, to extend their studies, and to write out the results of them in some branch of liberal culture, and that these writings might be treasured here as the "Wellesley Monographs." It was a generous plan, already fulfilled in some measure, and intrusted to the coming years. Another of his large benefactions was the Sabbatical Grant, upon a plan already in operation in the university where so much of his professional life had been spent. He arranged that the president and the heads of certain departments of instruction should spend each seventh year of college service in Europe, not merely for rest and the ordinary benefits of foreign travel, but that they might observe the methods of other schools and draw from the wisdom of men of renown in their own lines of work. He further recognized "the fact of loyal service" by providing for what he termed "salary augment and pensions," the reward of long-continued devotion to the college; and he thought that in this way he should lessen the solicitude for the

future and increase the strength which was needed in the daily duties of college life. He made provision also that, when it was desirable, any officer or recent graduate might prepare herself for a position in the college by a year's study abroad. Thus carefully did he contemplate the life of the college, anticipate its wants, and promote its welfare. Thus thoughtfully did he regard those who were here engaged in "the highest of human pursuits," passing "the best of their lives in the habitual fulfilment of noble tasks, in the interchange of mutual services and courtesies and trusts." I cannot tell of all which he did; no one knew it all,—he did not know it all himself. He made the house more beautiful, he adorned its rooms, he illumined its books, he enhanced its comfort; in numberless ways he silently made life easier and happier and better for every one who entered the college gates. He followed worthily one of whom he said that he "has entered into the elect of the benefactors of mankind." Meanwhile Wellesley has been doing much for him. He expressed his gratitude that he had been permitted in a humble way to help her "whose never-sleeping sense of duty runs on in loyalty to the most precious of memories." "To the officers of instruction how much I owe!" "Mine has been the great privilege." It was a great opportunity which came to his willing hands. He prized it. He held precious the friendships he formed here. Beyond price was the affection given to him. "My class," as he always called it, lived in his heart. He found rest here, even in his work,—

change, refreshment, life. He sent his gifts silently abroad and was blessed in blessing. I am sure that it made him happier to know that he would be remembered here, and that his influence would remain when he could come no more to the scenes which had delighted him. Life had to him, has to him, greater meaning that he lived in Wellesley College.

It remains for me to tell you something of the personal qualities of my friend. I have spoken of the endowment which was his by birthright and through the training of his early years. This was steadily enlarged.

He was a wise man. He had read and studied, and had drawn learning from the many fields through which he had walked at home and abroad. I have seldom known a man who could talk so well on so many themes. He was at home everywhere. I cannot think of a gathering of men of learning where he would not have found his place and borne his part. He was wise in the ordering of his life, heeding the admonition of Nature, changing his vocation and avocation. He was wise in seeing that other things besides time enter into achievements, and in securing and bestowing quickness, cheerfulness, energy, and making rest the handmaid of exertion. He was wise in casting his influence into a living institution, where it would be lasting, and joining himself to younger lives, in which he would live on when he was seen no more.

I do not need to say that he was generous. Who knew him and knows not that? He added to his kindness the pleasure of

receiving it from him. His heart was hospitable, like his house. He was a strong man, — vigorous, independent, bold. He had the Norse spirit, and would sail on seas he had never crossed, willing to be alone if no one would sail with him, not hindered by men's fears nor detained by their opinions. He believed in himself, in the knowledge and discretion which had brought him success, and he was ready for new ventures where both courage and prudence should bear sway. He was a religious man. From a child he knew the Holy Scriptures, and as life opened before him he declared his allegiance to the Lord and Saviour of men. For more than forty-five years he walked in fellowship with the ancient church beside the college which he had served. He made himself the benefactor of the church, which will cherish his memory. Many were his deeds of pious love. He has now made beautiful the sanctuary which was his home, as if he were preparing it for the solemn rites which have hallowed his translation. Yet it is of his life that we shall be reminded when we worship where his work praises him. He knew the meaning of the house. In his thought the centre of the worship was the sacraments. He would give to them the choicest place and ample room. He counselled us to preserve the wide space before the chancel, that the holy ordinances of religion might be felt in their grandeur and sacredness. There the child was to be brought for baptism. There lives were to be joined in holy promises. There the communion of saints was to be made visible in the Eucharist, with its memories and its inspiration

and its spiritual friendship, which unites heaven and earth. There, when the end had come and the mortal had put on immortality, the ministry of the church was to give its benediction of comfort and peace, in the assurance of the victory, the eternal gladness of the blessed dead. There he rested while we prayed, — sorrowing, yet rejoicing, for we knew that it was gain and triumph to him to advance where

“The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light.”

He lived in Faith and Hope and Love. He believed in Wellesley College. He knew the spirit of those who builded this house for the school of Christ, where He should be the First and the Last, and His word should be wisdom and truth, and discipleship to Him should be learning, and following Him should be ministering to the world, and the Life should be the Light. He knew the power of an endless life.

Surely for him there was some grand employ in the world he has entered. We are made more certain of this in the solemnity of this day, when one who was so great, so strong, so divine, has been laid to rest with the reverence of the land waiting around his bier. He has been taken from the world, which wanted him and depended on him, to that country of his own which is beyond “the splendid stars.” Wonderful works were to be done, or this workman had not been summoned. Whether we think of him as friend or bishop, the life of heaven grows

more distinct now that his works have followed him, glorified where he is transfigured. In this clearer vision we behold the ascension of him to whose memory this hour is given. There was change in his life, but no pause. The rest which came to him found him at his work. "The Infinite Pity" called him in infinite love. Only a moment, and he was with God, in the freedom and the freshness of immortal youth. It was New Year's Day here; and lo, all things were made new for him!

TRIBUTES.

THE following minute was entered upon the records of the Board of Trustees at their stated meeting, February 2, 1893 : —

The Trustees desire to make special acknowledgment of the great and continual interest of Professor EBEN NORTON HORSFORD in Wellesley College, and of the fidelity and generosity which have marked his life. He was the friend of the founders of the college, and he entered into their plans with a hearty appreciation and advanced them with unwearied effort.

In his personal relation to the college, and in his official position as President of the Board of Visitors, he has rendered a service that will be treasured. In his endowment of the library, in the establishment of the Sabbatical year, and in a multitude of less conspicuous acts, he has been the liberal benefactor, while in all things he has been a wise counsellor and a devoted friend.

The Trustees are grateful for his life and all its benefits, and they are sad as they remember that they shall not again meet him in the places which he loved ; but they rejoice in the honor and affection in which his name is held, and in the assurance that he has been advanced to even higher duties and more perfect joys.

ALEXANDER McKENZIE,
N. G. CLARK,
H. E. SCUDDER,
Committee.

At a special meeting of the Board of Visitors of Wellesley College, held in Boston, Monday, January 16, the following minute was unanimously adopted:—

At this our first meeting since the death of our honored and beloved chairman, EBEN NORTON HORSFORD, we wish to place on record this minute:

The devotion of Mr. Horsford to Wellesley College, from its foundation, is written into its history, and needs no further witness.

And yet, as members of the Board of which he was chairman for so many years, we cannot refrain from making this brief memorial.

The duty of the Board of Visitors, which has no executive powers or responsibilities, is to stand as the watchful friends, advisers, and supporters of the institution,—to study, advise, and sympathize. The influence of the Board is in proportion to the weight of wisdom, interest, and character that the members may bring to the work.

These traits were so firmly implanted in Mr. Horsford that he brought a unique power into the work of the Board, and a commanding influence into the life of the college.

He used his position, as critic and adviser, to suggest or urge improvements which he himself would soon offer to make. His sympathy was the constant support of teacher and student. Every gift made by him had in it the precious element of personal thought and sympathy. His tender nature gave grace and beauty to all his associations with the college. Holding the position as Chairman of the Board in order that he might be untrammelled in his advice and in his bounty, he has given us the pleasure of his benign presence, the strength of his wisdom, and the inspiration of his character.

We praise God for the life of this servant, who, having finished his course in faith, doth now rest from his labor; and we rejoice that his memory remains with us to bless, strengthen, and guide us in our future work.

Resolved, That this minute be spread upon our records, and that a copy be sent to the family of Mr. Horsford, and to the President of the college.

Attest,

EDWARD ABBOTT,
Secretary of the Board of Visitors.

At a special meeting of the Library Council the following was placed on record:—

Whereas, it has been the will of our all-wise Father to remove from this life our friend, Eben Norton Horsford, who was, from the foundation of Wellesley College, intimately associated with all its interests, therefore

Resolved, by the Library Council, that while bowing submissively to this most sorrowful dispensation, we record our profound sense of the loss which we sustain in the death of our beloved associate; that we thank God for the example of his unsullied character, his ripe attainments, his zealous devotion to letters and to religion; that we cherish gratefully the memory of all that his generous heart prompted him to do for the endowment of our College Library and for the benefit of professors and students; that we strive to be like him in loyalty, faithfulness, and charity; that we remember with deepest gratitude and most reverent affection the refined, courteous, generous scholar and friend, whose presence was a benediction while with us, and whose wise words and generous deeds will live in our hearts forever.

H. B. GOODWIN,

H. E. SCUDDER,

Committee.

To MRS. HORSFORD AND FAMILY.

DEAR FRIENDS, —

It is in the sympathy of a great grief and a great love that we venture to come to you in these early days of your bereavement with an attempt to express what we know well can never be adequately expressed, — the graciousness of that brotherly relation maintained by Professor Horsford toward us, the Faculty of Wellesley College.

We feel that we can bring to you, for whose sorrow our hearts are moved to deepest tenderness, no truer comfort, under heaven, than this assurance of the beauty we have seen and the wisdom we have known and the goodness we have experienced in him whose Happy New Year is immortality. That tent of earthly being, which the ever gallant spirit struck so suddenly, in a night and a day, as if eager for the new, divine adventure, has sheltered so many human interests, so many individual fortunes, that we would not assume too large a place for Wellesley in the generous heart; and yet so freely has Professor Horsford given to us of his wealth, his care, and his benignant presence, that, while we realize his life belonged to many, and most of all to his beloved home, we may be forgiven for feeling that it also belonged

to us, and that our loss and mourning are second to none save yours.

It is not chiefly his beneficence toward the institution which we serve that this letter would commemorate, although we love our college so well that her prosperity is our own, and we bear a sense of personal gratitude toward those who extend her resources and enlarge her opportunity. Wellesley has known no friend—with the shining exception of her first two friends and founders—so liberal as Professor Horsford; and his name will be forever honored in her gates. He has richly endowed her library; he has provided a fund for scientific apparatus; he has established, for thirteen professional chairs and for the presidency, the grant of the Sabbatical year, with a system of pensions for retired officers.

These greater gifts are widely known; but few know, and perhaps none could perfectly enumerate, the many, many lesser gifts to which so much of the wholesomeness and joyfulness of Wellesley life is due. Electric lights in library and reading-room, fresh air in dining-hall and chapel, comforts and delicacies for the hospital, countless repairs and improvements throughout the college buildings, testify to his unwearied watchfulness and care. Norumbega Cottage celebrates in name the champion of the Vikings, her frequent and most welcome guest, whose ready hand contributed largely toward her erection, and whose chivalrous heart took delight in the luxurious furnishing of the presidential suite of rooms. The library of North American

languages — a collection so unique as to be of inestimable value, and destined, as its founder earnestly hoped, to serve, when time shall be ripe, as basis for fresh researches into the origin of speech — stands as a memorial of the enthusiastic philologist, eager to promote this branch of learning in Wellesley, and warmly interested in seeing the manuscript treasures of the collection already taking shape for the press. Statues and pictures speak of the beauty-lover; gymnasium, as well as laboratories, rests under obligation to the man of science; and indeed it would be difficult to find any nook of Wellesley life or work into which his manifold sympathy has not entered with results of most efficient aid.

As President of the Board of Visitors, as Chairman of the Library Council, Professor Horsford served the college ably in official capacities; and as Honorary Member of the Class of '86, he has become allied to the student-life of Wellesley in a way singularly close and beautiful. Throughout the undergraduate and graduate years, even in this recent Christmas-tide, he was still devising new and delicate surprises for his class. Some of his most valuable gifts to Wellesley were presented in the name of '86. And outside the favored order of the Marguerite, many were the students who knew the bounty not only of his purse, but of his golden sympathy and friendship.

Assuredly all this is ample reason why the Faculty of Wellesley College should lament the loss of Wellesley's benefactor; but deeper than all this is our sense of personal bereavement. It

is our friend whom we miss as we walk these halls, so often brightened by his genial smile, so often echoing to his cordial greeting, — a friend who showed himself so friendly, the well-spring of a thousand courtesies and kindnesses, the source of an unfailing encouragement and inspiration to us all. He cared greatly for our work, studying it, fostering it, providing for it space and opportunity; but he cared yet more for the life upon which the work must rest.

In establishing that wisest and most significant of his endowments, the grant of the Sabbatical year, he strove to secure for those whom this great privilege embraces the double blessing of mental enrichment and refreshment. Laying down the condition that the year be spent abroad, he would prompt us to the highest uses of our freedom. In his further condition that the privileges of the grant be allowed only to women, he gave evidence of his faith in woman's intellectual sincerity and ability. We felt with profound gratitude that Professor Horsford recognized, as few recognize, our serious purpose as scholars; that he understood, as few understand, how surely our lasting efficacy as teachers must depend upon the breadth and depth of our own culture. If the truest friend is he who feels the deepest need, quickens the highest aspiration, who points to the noblest goal, and cuts away the barriers that intervene, such a friend has the Wellesley Faculty possessed in Professor Horsford. We know it now, but we shall know it better as the years go by, — the years in which, while we shall miss at every hand his

word of counsel and of cheer, we shall be reaping more and more abundantly the harvest that he has sown for us, harvest of intellectual opportunity which we would transform for Wellesley into the bread of intellectual life.

And yet this is not all. With his great tenderness of nature, our friend realized that we were often weary, often conscious of the burden and heat of the day. We were living among our students, among our books, under the constant wear of academic routine. We needed, as other women need, rest and beauty and the sense of home. All these he gave us in the great surprise which he was so happy in planning and making ready that nothing concerning it was too magnificent for his liberality, nothing that related to our comfort or convenience too minute for his personal consideration. With characteristic munificence, with yet more characteristic comprehension of the want, he bestowed upon us the suite of rooms culminating in the exquisite Moorish parlor, where the benediction of his presence will linger long.

But even more than all this, he was our friend. He gave himself to us. He let us know the independent mind, the great and gentle heart, the onward-faring spirit. More than for all his gifts we are thankful for his friendship, for the vision that we had in him of gracious Christian life.

We would then beg that you, who knew him best and loved him most, will accept the deep and reverent sympathy of us who knew him well and loved him much. We pray that divine

consolations may sustain you in this present distress and desolation, and that your hearts so heavily bereaved may look beyond this separation, which endures but for a moment, to the sacred hope of heavenly reunion.

Signed in behalf of the Academic Council by

HELEN A. SHAFER, *President.*

JULIA J. IRVINE, *Secretary.*

SARAH F. WHITING.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

HELEN L. WEBSTER.

Signed in behalf of the Faculty by

MAUDE GILCHRIST, *Secretary.*

EMILY JONES BARKER.

ELLEN F. PENDLETON.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE, Jan. 17, 1893.

TO MRS. HORSFORD AND FAMILY.

DEAR FRIENDS, —

From the beginning of our relations with Professor Horsford, you have extended to his classmates the privileges of friends; and so as friends we venture to come to you in your sorrow with our reverent sympathy. We feel that we can bring to you no greater comfort than to tell you a little of what the friendship of Professor Horsford has meant to the class of '86.

In our Freshman year, we chose Eben Norton Horsford as our Honorary Member; from that day every member of the class had in him a great-hearted friend. From our first Tree Day to our last, from our Commencement to this last Christmas-tide, he was ever planning pleasures for us.

With the same liberality which marked his other gifts, he gave his time and himself to us. He urged us at our graduation to allow him always a share in our lives; and no one of us, in happiness or success, has ever lacked his congratulations, or failed to receive his sympathy in sorrow. When he founded the order of Saint Marguerite on our Senior Tree Day, he gave it the motto which his life and friendship had already taught us, "Loyalty." He never failed to lend his presence to our

reunions, and with his welcome he gave us an inspiring word which served "to build up in us our loyalty to the highest and best and most attractive in woman." We count the friendship of his strong and gracious Christian life among the most precious possessions of our Wellesley heritage.

And so we hope that you who knew best the richness and nobleness of his life and love, will accept the earnest sympathy of those whose lives have been made richer and nobler by his friendship.

Signed in behalf of the Class of '86 by

ANNA BROADWELL DAVIDSON, *President.*

SUSAN MAINE SILVER, *Corresponding Secretary.*

ELLEN F. PENDLETON.

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Wellesley College.
In memoriam, Eben Norton Horsford. July

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Wellesley College.

In memoriam, Eben Norton
Horsford

